

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

Editorial and Executive Office: 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois

An Independent Christian Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Modernism, Worldliness and Formalism.

Vol. XXII, No. 50.

FRIDAY, December 14, 1956

United States 1 year \$2.50; 3 years \$5.00
Canada and foreign 1 year \$3.00; 3 years \$6.50

Be Born Again in Christ

By the late Dr. Walter A. Maier
on Lutheran Hour Broadcast, 1946

Many veterans of World War II realize clearly that the Almighty preserved them. Take the case of Clayton O. Decker! He was among the nine survivors on the submarine *Tang*, sunk by its own torpedo in the Pacific. Captured by the Japanese, he was sent to a torture camp near Tokyo, where American prisoners, especially

In a much higher and more blessed sense all of us, civilians as well as soldiers, can exult, "O God, I am born again!" when we accept and acclaim Christ as our Saviour. Indeed after the toil and turmoil of this imprisonment called life we can reach Heaven safely and surely only reborn in that new existence. In this hour when our nation stands at the crossroads, its course directed either to Jesus or the jungle, to Christ or chaos, to redemption or ruin, the Holy Spirit appeals to America's millions,

BE BORN AGAIN IN CHRIST!

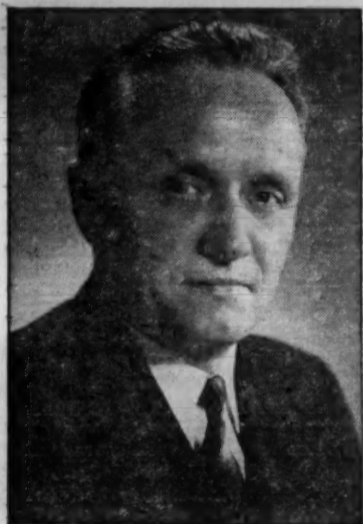
This is the divine direction given by our Saviour Himself, who in today's Scripture (the glorious third chapter of Saint John's Gospel, verses five to seven) declares:

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again!"

I. You Need the New Birth

It was under the cover of darkness that timid Nicodemus came to our Lord to be blessed by the divine Teacher's marvelous and merciful instruction. If only in our peace-robbed age the disquieted and distressed would similarly use the stillness of the later hours in finding an answer to the questions concerning their eternal souls!

What do you think would happen if tonight, tomorrow night, (Continued on page 7)



Dr. Walter A. Maier

sailors from submarines, were starved, kicked, beaten, and even had burning cigarette butts stuffed into their noses and ears. Then, after lingering months of living death, came the Japanese surrender. Returning to his wife and four-year-old son, he stepped from a naval air transport at Oakland and cried out, "O God, I'm born again!" After the unbelievable horrors of enemy persecutions, life had indeed started anew for him.

The BIBLE on Liquor and the Individual

By Dr. Sam Morris
P. O. Box 6628, San Antonio, Texas

(Mechanically recorded for THE SWORD OF THE LORD, July 1, 1956, at the Sword of the Lord Conference on Revival and Soul Winning, Lake Louise, Toccoa, Georgia.)

People sometimes say to me, "Well, I think a preacher ought to preach the Bible and stay off the liquor question—that's politics!" Did you ever hear anybody say that? Ladies and gentlemen, when you hear anybody say that, you can just tell them that they are peddling their ignorance of the Bible. They don't know their Bible. You cannot preach all the Bible and stay off the liquor question. You either have to stay off part of the Bible or get on the liquor question. That is why I have selected the message that I am speaking on this afternoon: "The Bible and Beverage Alcohol." I want to lay out three or four things before you, then show you how they are in the Bible.

I want to show you, first, that the Bible magnifies and exalts total abstinence from the use of beverage alcohol; second, that the curse of Almighty God is upon those who use beverage alcohol; third, that the Bible, by historical example after historical example, vividly portrays the disgrace, the sin, the shame, and the death that associates with the use of strong drink; and fourth, that drinking is a sin in the sight of Almighty God and that drunkenness is as black a sin in the sight of God as committing adultery, stealing, murder, or bowing down to an idol. Fifth, I will show what God's answer is for the individual drunkard—the hope of the drunkard.

I. The Bible Magnifies, Exalts, and Admonishes Total Abstinence

There is not the shadow of a doubt—look at the record: the children of Israel drank no wine nor strong drink for forty years during the wilderness wanderings. God commanded the Rechabites through the Prophet Jeremiah for one reason—they kept the tradition of their father, Jonadab, and drank no wine or strong drink. God commanded the Nazarites to drink no wine or strong drink. God commanded the mother of Samson to drink no wine or strong drink. Samson, the strong man of the Bible, was a total abstainer, being a Nazarite. Samuel, the great judge of Israel, was a total abstainer, being a Nazarite. Daniel, the great prophet of the Bible, was a total abstainer. He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's meat nor with the wine which he drank. John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus, was a total abstainer, being a Nazarite. Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, we read in the book of Acts, vowed a Nazarite vow. He had to be a total abstainer. He wrote to the church at Rome and said, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak" (Rom. 14:21).

In the fifth chapter of the book of Galatians, drunkenness is listed as a lust of the flesh. Now the Bible says "... abstain from flesh-

ly lusts, which war against the soul" (I Pet. 2:11). There is the very word, "abstain from fleshly lusts."

Drinking never made anybody more intelligent. It never made anybody more congenial. It never made anybody more efficient. It never made anybody more moral. It never made anybody more spiritual. Drinking is a lust, and walking after the lust of the flesh, and the Bible says, "... walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Rom. 8:1). "Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul" (I Pet. 2:11).

And then if there were any room left for the shadow of an honest doubt, turn over to Proverbs 23 and you will banish it completely. In Proverbs 23 we have a direct, emphatic, reliable, unmistakable admonition to stay completely away from it. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter

perverse things" (Prov. 23:31-33). Language could not be any plainer; it could not be any more direct; it could not be any more emphatic; it could not be any more commanding. Look not upon it! Stay from it! Let it alone! Shun it like you would a snake! Avoid it as you

(Continued on page 5)



Dr. Sam Morris

The Inn That Missed Its Chance

(The Landlord Speaks—28 A.D.)

What could be done? The inn was full of folk:

His honor, Marcus Lucius, and his scribes

Who made the census; honorable men

From farthest Galilee, come hitherward

To be enrolled; high ladies and their lords;

The rich, the rabbis, such a noble throng

As Bethlehem has never seen before,

And may not see again. And there they were,

Close herded with their servants, till the inn,

Was like a hive at swarming-time, and I

Was fairly crazed among them.

Could I know

That they were so important? Just the two,

No servants, just a workman sort of man,

Leading a donkey, and his wife thereon

Drooping and pale,—I saw them not myself,

My servants must have driven them away;

But had I seen them, how was I to know?

Were inns to welcome stragglers, up and down

In all our towns from Beersheba to Dan,

Till He should come? And how were men to know?

There was a sigh, they say, a heavenly light

Resplendent, but I had no time for stars,

And there songs of angels in the air

Out on the hills; but, how was I

to hear
Amid the thousand clamors of an inn?

Of course, if I had known them, who they were,
And who was He that should be born that night,—

For now I learn that they will make Him King,
A second David, who will ransom us

From these Philistine Romans,—who but He

That feeds an army with a loaf of bread,

And if a soldier falls, He touches him

And up he leaps uninjured? Had I known,

I would have turned the whole inn upside down,

His honor, Marcus Lucius, and the rest,

And sent them all to the stables, had I known.

So you have seen Him, stranger, and perhaps

Again will see Him. Prithee say for me

I did not know; and if He comes again,

As He will surely come, with retinue,

And banners, and an army, tell my Lord

That all my inn is His to make amends.

Alas, alas! to miss a chance like that!

This inn that might be chief among them all,

The birthplace of Messiah,—had I known!

Amos R. Wells,



It was Christmas Eve many years ago in England, and the rain, driven by a bitter wind, was beating against the window of the matron's room at a Children's Home. She was busy writing at a table, but looked up now and again at the dreary scene outside the window. She was not young, indeed her grey hair and lined face made her look more than her years; and she was troubled.

A new child had been brought to the Home the night before; his was a particularly sad and destitute case but the Home was full and he had been put to sleep in a cot at the end of the boys' ward. The matron wondered how they were going to feed and clothe him. Funds were short, food prices high and the needs of her big family of waifs and strays were many. She sighed, but, raising her eyes, her attention was held by a text on a calendar hanging on the wall: "My God shall supply all your need." She must pray and trust, then, for this new burden. God was all-sufficient.

Just then, a knock came at the door, and a young nurse entered: "A gentleman would like to see over the Home, matron." She rose with alacrity; was this an answer to her prayer, already? She found the gentleman, very tall and grave, evidently a traveller, as he mentioned having been abroad, and said he was passing through the town that after-

(Continued on page 6)

MEDITATIONS *Beside the* MANGER

No Christmas may be merry,
No heart may truly sing
Until the Christ of Christmas
Be crowned its Lord and King.

The human heart is very much like that inn at Bethlehem—no room for Christ. . . . The very first thing we hear when He arrives upon earth is that there is no room for Him. . . . When God made the world, He made plenty of room for you and me. When God made our hearts, He left room in them for Jesus Christ. He it is who has gone to make room for us in Heaven. If we receive Him down here, He will receive us up there.

—D. L. Moody

Here was the Infinite One become an infant! Here was the Creator become a creature!

—King's Business

Why was the stable chosen as the birthplace of our Lord? Was it not that He might reprove the glory of the world and condemn the vanities of life? Social circles have a way of treating Christ with cold indifference. They have no room for Jesus, King of Glory. The outside place is good enough for Him. Let us take heed lest we exclude Him from any part of our life.

—Herbert Lockyer, D.D.

If woman was guilty of the world's first sin, on her breast the Redeemer was nourished. . . . Although a wicked angel came to Eve, in order that, through her, man might be separated from God, a good angel came to Mary, that, through her, God might be united to man.

—Bishop Ryle

Bethlehem's crib is the test of character. Man's true worth is revealed as he stands at the feet of the Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes. What man does with Christ's wondrous birth determines his destiny.

—Lockyer

No other person ever deliberately came into human history—only Christ did. He constantly spoke of His presence on this earth as His own willed coming.

—Arthur Petrie

Born King! How striking! No one of royal blood is ever born a king. He may be born a prince, but can only become king upon the death or abdication of his father. Why then was Christ born King? The answer is simple. He was a King before He was born. Paul speaks of Him as the "King eternal" (I Tim. 1:17).

—Lockyer

The gifts of the wise men had spiritual significance, gold to represent His deity, rare and costly; frankincense speaking of His preciousness; and myrrh, used in embalming the dead, to show that He came to die.

The Heaven of heavens was not too great for Him, nor is the human heart too small for Him to dwell in.

—Delitzsch

He who denies the virgin birth denies Bible Christianity, smites the mother of our Lord with shame, snatches the crown of deity from His brow, strips Him of His sinless humanity, makes His cross a blood-stained failure, and bids us face eternity with no light in the darkness.

—I. M. Haldeman

'Twas much that man was made like God before;
But that God should be made like man, much more.

—Donne

There is always an empty day after Christmas. It is the day the tree is taken down, the gifts put away, and the greeting cards removed. . . . But Christmas doesn't end with the tearing of a leaf from the calendar or the conclusion of a season. Christmas goes on living as men go on telling and others go on hearing and believing.

—Moody Monthly

—FROM THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE MISSION



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Subscription rates: \$2.50 per year, \$5 for three years. Canada and foreign countries \$3.00 a year, \$6.50 for three years.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Newton, Kansas, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Office of Publication: The Sword of the Lord, 131 W. 6th St., Newton, Ks., or the Editorial office at 214 W. Wesley St., Wheaton, Illinois. Please send all correspondence and undeliverable copies to The Sword of the Lord Editorial and Executive office at 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois.

The Present World and the Universal Fatherhood of God

By Dr. Bob Shuler
Fifty-five Years in Methodist Ministry

(From "The Methodist Challenge")



The modern concept of God as the Father of all mankind and of the world as belonging to Him, undoubtedly roots itself in the fact of creation. God is the universal Creator and His authority and sovereignty can not be questioned, except where that creation has aborted and failed. The earth is undoubtedly the Lord's. He made it. The cattle upon a thousand hills are His. The creative sovereignty of God can never be denied.

But something evil and monstrously iniquitous has entered into God's world. Here the Bible is not speaking so much of the rivers and mountains and plains, as of humanity itself. One creature within the world, and he alone, was created in the very likeness of His creator, endowed with freedom of choice and given the privilege of even overriding the will of God and blocking the very plan of his Creator. This, he did. All through the Bible man's activities, planning, contrivings and evil machinations are referred to as "the world in action."

Millions of people have died in bloody wars. Other millions have perished as a result of man's inhumanity to man. Great portions of the world (referring to the people who live upon the earth) have become heathen, idolatrous and even atheistic, denying the very existence of God. Even today, only a small percentage of the people, referred to as the world, so much as believe in Jesus Christ as Redeemer and Saviour of mankind. Three-fourths of the people of the world reject Him. So that if we actually believe in Christianity and study our Bibles as Christians should, we must conclude that the world is largely outside the sovereignty of that God who is revealed to us in Jesus Christ.

Paul tells us in his second letter to the church at Corinth that "the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Christ says positively that His "kingdom is not of this world." Paul refers to "this present evil world." John tells us that "the whole world lies in wickedness." The Devil is referred to in Scripture over and over again as "the prince of this world." Paul refers to the "rulers of the darkness of this world." Christ tells us that He is "not of this world." The Devil in the temptations in the wilderness offered Jesus "the kingdoms of this world." John says, "The world passeth away and the lusts thereof." We are also taught in the Bible that "the world lieth in the lap of the evil one."

All these references undoubtedly refer to the evil, sinful, rebellious humanity upon the earth and not to the earth itself. There are those who believe in the "restoration of all things" and contend that God will finally restore and preserve all creation in its primitive beauty and holiness, including man himself. This is wishful thinking. Nowhere in Scripture is such a final culmination promised.

Bible-believing preachers warn against worldliness, declaring that the "friendship of the world is enmity with God." They boldly quote James, "Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." We were told that we "lived in the world but were not of the world." Those preachers professed to be "pilgrims and strangers," simply passing through the world. With Paul, writing to the Hebrews, they saw the saints of the ages as "strangers and pilgrims on the earth . . ."

"of whom the world was not worthy."

And yet on the very doubtful foundation that creation and fatherhood are identical, our modernistic brethren have builded up a new gospel of the universal Fatherhood of God and sing lustily, "This is our Father's world." It is a gospel of universal prospect. Christ's statement that only the few should find the straight and narrow gate to life is too narrow for this broad universalism. They have seen a new vision. It is a vision of a loving, tender God who will somehow work out the final restoration to an eternal life of happiness for all men, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucianists, idol worshipers, Christians, Jews and what-not! It is a much broader foundation than the Bible has laid down. But it fits into "this present world," which has enthusiastically come to hold that God is the "universal father of mankind" and fondly embraces all men everywhere.

The danger of this new "faith" is that it might not be true. If it should be a mirage in the desert of man's depravity and sin, then such a sweet preachment would mean disaster. But if modern man, including much of modern theological scholarship and thousands of the ecclesiastical leaders of our times, should have debunked the Bible, with its teaching of depravity, wickedness, sin, rebellion against God and the eternal penalty, then a new rainbow would indeed be across humanity's sky. The whole question is: What is the truth?

If, as many claim and as I believe, this new gospel of unlimited universal love and compassion and tenderness, on the part of God as a universal father, is a product of a tragic apostasy, then we have come to an hour, spoken of in Holy Scriptures, when the blind shall lead the blind into the ditch of destruction. If our modernists and liberals have missed, it is fatal. The Book pictures false teachers, wolves in sheep's clothing, deceptive shepherds that lead their flocks to spiritual disaster, pious ministers of the synagogue and priests of the Temple who betray.

What if indeed man's soul is the issue? Eternal life the real question? What if, after all, Heaven or Hell, as our fathers taught us, is the eternal abode of men? What if the eternal life of man's soul in a Heaven of bliss or a Hell of misery depends upon faith, or the lack of it, in the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour? What if a personal acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord is the only door? What if the early preachers were right? What if there is an eternal Hell for the unrepentant? What if there are few that be saved? What if God is only the father of the family of believers that believe on and accept Jesus Christ? What if the Christian is not of this world? What if he is really a pilgrim and stranger, amid its wars and strife and greed and hate and lust and filth? What then?

What shall we say, as supposed ministers of God, when we hear Him saying to the multitudes, "I never knew you"? What shall He say to us?

No man believes in the universality of redemption more than I. He died for "whosoever will." He would not that any should perish. But when God created all things, He made a man in His likeness and image, an immortal soul. He gave to that man the power of choice. He made him a free moral agent. He left his destiny to him. He

Going to Iraq?

Those traveling in the Near East will find a Christian friend in Baghdad, in the country of Iraq. Our beloved but unknown brother, Hubert A. Babilla, of the Assyrian Evangelical Church, South Gate, Taqaddum School, specially invites missionaries to come by to see him. He says, "I felt a thought from the Lord to publish in your paper my keenest desire of welcoming in my home believers who pass through the city of Baghdad, and by the Lord's will, can gladly accommodate such brethren. Furthermore, if interested, can arrange transport for special visits to Babylon if time permits."

Brother Babilla also may be found at the National Insurance Company, Rafidain Bank Building in Baghdad.

This unknown friend has been blessed by THE SWORD OF THE LORD and writes to thank us for the joy and blessing God has given through it.

Christ of Christmas

When a person is dear, everything connected with him becomes dear, for his sake. Thus so precious is the person of the Lord Jesus, in the estimation of all true believers, that everything about Him they consider to be inestimable, beyond all price. "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia," said David, as if the very vestments of the Saviour were so sweetened by His person that he could not but love them. Certain it is, that there is not a spot where the hallowed foot hath trodden—there is not a word which those lips hath uttered—not a thought which His loving Word has revealed—which is not to us precious beyond all price.

And this is true of the name of Christ—they are all sweet in the believer's ear. Whether He be called the Husband of the Church, her Bridegroom, her Friend; whether He be styled the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world—the King, the Prophet, or the Priest—every title of the Master—Shiloh, Emmanuel, Wonderful, the Mighty Counsellor—every name is like the honeycomb dropping with honey, and luscious are the drops that distil from it. But if there be one name sweeter than another in the believer's ear, it is the name of JESUS . . . It is the sum total of all delights. It is the music with which the bells of Heaven ring; a song in a word; an ocean for comprehension, although a drop of brevity; a matchless oratorio in two syllables; a gathering up of the hallelujahs of eternity in five letters.—Charles H. Spurgeon

NEW HIDDEN WAY TO HELP THE DEAFENED!

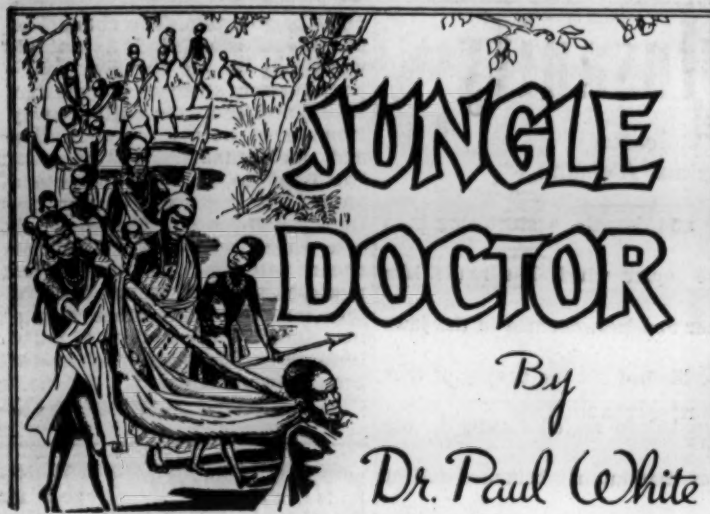
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redeemed him. He offers him salvation, full and free. But He does not force him.

Unfortunately only a few, a very few, as the centuries have rolled, have turned to the hill called Calvary and found in that bleeding sacrifice, atonement for their sins.

Such was our theology. Such was the message of the preachers. Today, according to the shepherds of the "worship services," things have changed. This is our Father's world and He is the loving, tender, forgiving Father of us all.



CHAPTER XIV

Meningitis

"Kumbe! It was a bargain, Bwana. Two cows for nineteen shillings. I only got them because old Muchiwa had to find his shillings to pay his poll tax."

My cook boy stuttered in his excitement.

"Only two more, and then the banns."

"That's splendid, Roger. And now I suppose you want to go and tell Nora?"

"Please, Bwana, and Daudi says you are going to Buigiri on safari. May I go, too? I'm sure I can get those two cows from my relatives who live near there."

"But who'll do your work here, Roger?"

"School has broken up, Bwana, and Anthony knows the cook boy's job."

"Very well, if the cook agrees, you can come with us when we set out tomorrow at sunrise."

The car was being loaded with all sorts of medicines for our branch hospital, twenty miles away. Daudi, the dispenser, helped me as I checked over lists of drugs and dressings.

"Everything's here, Bwana, except a hundred-weight of epsom salts. My wife will bring that down from the store."

"Kah," I said. "Will she not break in the middle? Is she not terribly thin?"

Daudi smiled. "Once get it on her head, Bwana, and she'll carry it all day!"



A few minutes later the keg arrived, carefully balanced on the head of the slight African girl. Her infant son peered interestedly at us over her shoulder. I couldn't help smiling when I saw that Nora, Roger's fiancée, had come "in case her companion had trouble with her load on the way down to the hospital!" She coyly covered her head till

all was ready, but as I climbed into the driver's seat, she moved close to the car, and shook hands ceremoniously with Roger, whis-

pering something, and smiling. I winked at the windscreen wiper, slipped in the clutch, and we moved off through the village.

We had to cross seventy rivers in the twenty-eight miles' drive between the hospitals. As we drove through the gardens that lined the apology for a road, we saw thousands of ibis that regularly migrate from the marshes of Northern Europe, to Africa. Many were stalking amongst the young millet, eating the millions of minute caterpillars that invade the crops. Others were swirling round in great spirals high in the air.

"Yah," said Roger. "The yobwa are our best friends. If it were not for them, we should have no crops. There is no Mugogo who would dare to kill one of them."

Coming round a granite outcrop we almost ran into a dozen great apes sunning themselves in the road. They chattered and squealed and swung off into the thorn-bush.

We were still laughing at the incident when we came to a group of Wagogo standing beside the road. I pulled up and greeted them:

"Mbukweni."

"Mbukwa, Bwana," they replied.

"What are you discussing?"

An old man shook his head.

"There's great danger in the country, Bwana. Are we not moving? The country is bewitched."

I questioned them further, but they only said:

"We must move. There is black magic."

They walked on, a disconsolate collection of people, leaving their mud houses behind. A couple of skinny chickens scratched forlornly outside the derelict huts amongst the rubbish. Scores of crows were walking round, looking for scraps of food. From all over the country I could see little processions of people; women carrying what they could of their worldly goods on their heads, and the men herding their skinny flocks, and driving them away from their homes. Always the

same story—"Magic. We have been bewitched! Black magic!" And then a mutter that I could not completely understand about death.

An hour later we arrived at the branch hospital. I went up to the ward, while Roger unpacked the car, and carried out bottles and tins of drugs, ointments, pills, injections, and all the commonplace doings of a bush hospital. When I returned to the dispensary he was pouring castor-oil into narrow-necked bottles from a kerosene tin. All his muscles were taut, and every faculty was centered on directing that oily stream into—and not on to—the bottle.

"Don't laugh, Bwana," he gasped, "or my hand will shake. H-e-e-e-e. That was work!" he said, as the last drops went in the right direction. "Now may I have three days off for my cow hunt?"

"Go your hardest," I said, "but be back by Friday at noon."

"I will, Bwana. Goodby, and thank you."

He picked up the battered topee that had once been mine, and walked off round the hill where I had seen my first leopard.

I was discussing the meningitis epidemic with the sister.

"There certainly is meningitis in the village, Doctor. I know of over a dozen deaths already. They don't come into the hospital. They put the whole thing down to witchcraft, and the medicine men are terribly busy smelling out witches, and manufacturing charms."

I had a hectic day in that little mud-and-wattle dispensary with its cupboards and tables made from petrol boxes and its bowls and buckets contrived from petrol tins. I examined patients, treated eyes, viewed some fifty babies that had been brought by their proud mothers for my inspection, and finally pulled out some of the inevitable teeth. By the end of the day there were at least a dozen folk who wanted to travel back to Mvumi with me. I made four cases for operation as comfortable as I could in the back, and took two stalwarts to push, in case we struck trouble in the rivers. It was late at night when we arrived at Mvumi, but I found the old African clergyman waiting for me.

"Bwana, I have heard a rumor that they have the disease of death in the village beyond the thorn tree forest. This is a very serious matter."

"Tell me of this disease, Mik-a."

He shook his head.

"Bwana, nothing can be done for it. When a man gets it he almost always dies, and even if his body should recover, is his mind not dead? Is there any profit in his life then, when he acts all day like a monkey?"

"Why should people die, Mika? I have the answer to this disease. I have pills and injections that will cure it."

"Not the disease of death, Bwana. It isn't just malaria, you know! In this sickness, people get bad fever, their necks become stiff, they become unconscious, and rave, and then they die. We have never heard of a cure for this."

"There is a cure, though, and I have it here. We call this disease meningitis, and these pills here—look at them—will cure it!"

In his excitement, he got to his feet.

"Bwana, let me send messengers at once to the chiefs to tell them this great news. But are you absolutely sure they are a cure, Bwana?"

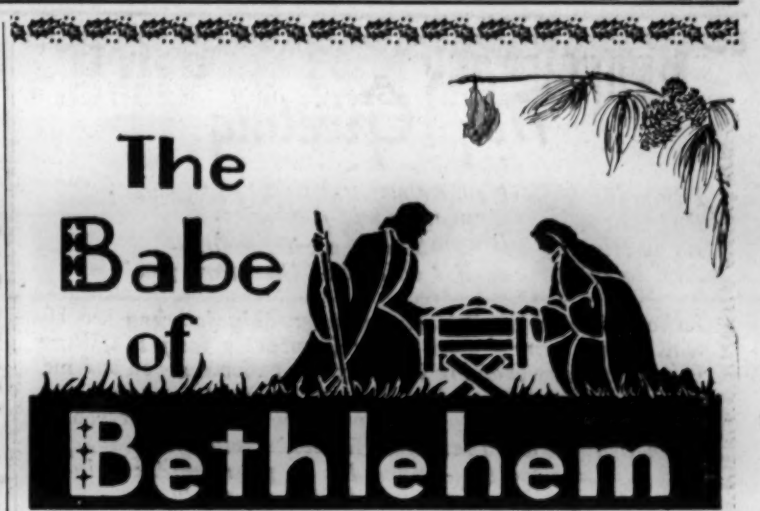
"I'm certain, but tell the chiefs that it is essential to bring the people in early—at the very first sign—directly their necks show any stiffness."

"Yes, Bwana. I understand."

He sat down and wrote note after note. He folded the last one, and put it carefully in a split stick.

"Bwana, the hospital will overflow. People will come from everywhere. What a parable this is. Is this not just what Jesus did? Your pills are the only way to save people's lives from this deadly meningitis, and Jesus' death is the only way to save people's souls from sin. Native medicine can do nothing, and the witch doctor is beaten, but your pills will destroy the power of this disease, just as Jesus is the only one who can destroy the soul-poison—sin."

"That is so, Mika. That's why I feel our medical missions help us



O Babe of Bethlehem! of whom the angels sang
For whom their "Peace, goodwill to men" thro' earth and Heaven rang,

To whom the shepherds knelt, to whom the wise men came
With precious gifts from lands afar, led by the star aflame.

O Babe of Bethlehem! still looks the world to Thee
From whom the kings of earth hold crowns and thrones in fee;

Still do the wise men bring their science and their art
And own their highest wisdom yet is but of Thee a part,
Still do the humble come, leaving their toil awhile,
To where Thy presence is revealed, to where Thy face doth smile.

O Babe of Bethlehem! all things to all Thou art;
Thou knowest every need of every human heart,
The Shepherd Thou who leads at eve His flock into the fold,
The Potter who with skilful hand our mortal clay doth mold;
In sorrow or in joy, a sympathizing Friend,
A Brother kind and true, who loves us to the end;
The Jesus who upon the cross from sin His people saves,
The Christ who fills with light and hope the darkness of our graves.

Thee do we still adore, to Thee our praises rise;
The Living Water Thou, the Bread that satisfies.
To thee for peace we turn, from Thee our strength doth spring,

In Thee our rest we find, to Thee our burdens bring;
With Whom our life is hid, by Whom our life is given,
The Truth amid a world of dreams, the Way that leads to Heaven;

To Thee alone we come who hast the words of life,
Through Thee alone we hope for victory in the strife;
By Thee our work is crowned, through Thee our trust we keep,

And by Thy grace, when day is done, in Thee we fall asleep.

—Annie Johnson Flint

to preach a Gospel that even the bush folk who can't read can understand."

Runners went all over the country, and soon from all quarters patients came pouring in. Little processions of people arrived at the hospital, some being carried, others being almost dragged along. It was pathetic to see the eagerness with which they came for help. Our bed space was absolutely inadequate. We had cleared out the storeroom and sent home all but our most serious cases. Convalescents slept in the kitchen, fracture people were put in the training room, the children's ward was emptied of beds, and mats put on the floor in their place.

Nurses ran to and fro with blankets and sheets. In the dispensary Samson prepared M. & B. in salt solution. He checked over new syringes and needles, and prepared them for immediate use. Daudi was cleaning slides in the pathology room, and over a spirit-lamp he sterilized test-tubes that would shortly hold the spinal fluid of epidemic patients. In the theater Kefa prepared trays for urgent operation, and a long needle used to drain off this fluid from the spine of the patient. Primuses were filled and sterilizers taken to each ward. I sat in my office and carefully drew up a routine. Everything had to be done with the greatest of care. No step could be forgotten, or life would be lost.

I shall never forget the first patient. The disease was far advanced. He was unconscious and delirious. One of the men who carried him in, grumbled: "Kah, it's wasted effort to carry him in six miles. Will he not be dead before sunset?"

The relatives sat together outside the laboratory window talking in muffled whispers. Our whole routine was moving smoothly. Daudi took a blood slide and brought a special test-tube. Kefa brought a needle to tap the spine, while the dispenser produced a syringe, needles, and M. & B.

tablets. A minor operation was performed. The fluid from his spine was cloudy, and Daudi reported:

"No malaria parasites seen in the blood."

At once I gave a very large injection.

Daudi touched me on the shoulder.

"Can he live, Bwana?" he whispered.

"I think so. He is in God's hands; let's pray about it."

A minute or two later we got up from our knees.

"As I looked through the micro-

(Continued on page 6)

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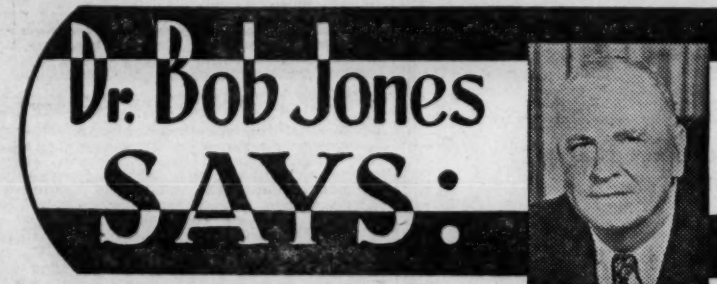


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If you people who read this could read the letters that come to our desk from former Bob Jones University students who are scattered into practically all parts of the world, you would understand why we just keep on keeping on. Sometimes we get very tired, and we realize that we are getting a little bit old, but we just can't stop. There is scarcely a day that we do not hear from someone who tells us what Bob Jones University has meant to him or her. These letters come from missionaries, pastors, evangelists, school teachers, housewives, businessmen, and people in all walks of life; so we just have to keep going.

Now, we want all of you to help us bear the burden. You can pray for Bob Jones University. You can help us line up the right kind of young people as students in the University, and you can invest some of the money that God has given you in the work of the institution, and you will have a part in all of the wonderful things God has wrought on this campus and through this school to the ends of the earth. How about letting us hear from you at this time? Thank you and God bless you.

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My Greeting

*I thought to wish that God might truly bless you;
But that, I see, He's clearly bound to do:
He is Himself the fountain of all blessing,—
And loves to bless His children—therefore you!*

*I thought to wish that for your earthly journey
God would supply your need: (could He forget?):
But now I see that He has clearly promised
To meet all need—and so it shall be met!*

*Then I might ask that God Himself would guide you;
But this is needless,—since He is your guide:
Since He has promised constantly to guide us
Until we reach, at last, the Other Side.*

*What shall I ask then,—what indeed is left me;
What say to gladden as you journey here:
How can I help to comfort, strengthen, hearten,
As you tread nobly through each passing year?*

*How can I—save that, gently, I remind you
Being His child you are supremely blest:
And that whate'er may come—of joy or sorrow—
All that He gives or sends is aye the BEST.*

—J. Danson Smith

WITH THE Evangelists

REPORTS FROM AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING SOUL WINNERS

By the Editor

(NOTE: We are happy to publish honest reports of blessed revivals from trustworthy evangelists and churches. However, if you send us your report for publication, PLEASE give exact statistics, as far as possible, concerning conversions, rededications, additions, etc., or we may not print it. We especially appreciate reports from pastors and chairmen of union campaigns.)

EVANGELIST JIMMY BURLESON, 1342 Lillius, Abilene, Texas, just closed a revival campaign at the Memorial Baptist Church in Abilene, Rev. Scott Hickey, pas-

tor. One conversion was reported, with 5 joining the church by letter. Sunday School attendance doubled.

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Rev. Charles H. Reep, pastor of the Evangelical United Brethren Church, Lebanon, Oregon, writes that the church experienced a great revival recently under the leadership of **EVANGELIST PHIL SHULER**, 1395 Michillinda, Pasadena, 8, California. Most of the more than 40 decisions were first-time conversions. Three of the people saved were past 70 years old; most of the converts were young adults. Bill Jackson, Salem, Oregon, served as song leader and baritone soloist.

EVANGELIST EDDIE WAGNER, 123 North Van Buren, Little Rock, Arkansas, was the speaker for a united evangelistic crusade sponsored by six Protestant churches of Blakely and Olyphant, Pennsylvania. Rev. Samuel D. Davis, chairman of the campaign, reports 65 conversions, 187 rededications, and 50 decisions to start family altars. Rev. John B. Tavgliione, pastor of the Olyphant and Blakely Presbyterian churches, believes Evangelist Wagner to be "a gripping and vivid preacher of the Word of God," and Rev. Peter R. Scholes, pastor of the Primitive Methodist Church, Blakely, feels that Brother Wagner "in all his messages . . . proved to bear out . . . that he was loyal to Christ, the Bible, and the church."

EVANGELIST BILL SMITH, Box 733, Winona Lake, Indiana, sends reports of three recent meetings.

At the Washington Heights Brethren Church, Roanoke, Virginia, the results included 12 conversions, 3 rededications, 14 pledges for daily family altars and soul winning, and 2 additions to the church. Vernon Harris is pastor.

Five conversions and 8 rededications were recorded in a campaign Brother Smith conducted at the Grace Brethren Church, Everett, Pennsylvania. Homer Lingenfelter, pastor.

At the Leamersville Brethren Church, Leamersville, Pennsylvania, Evangelist Smith saw 10 conversions, 30 rededications, 5 pledges for soul winning, and 2 additions to the church. Joseph Gingrich is the pastor.

EVANGELIST ERNIE TONETTI, 2239 South 15th Street, Philadelphia 45, Pennsylvania, led two people to the Lord in a meeting at

Our Wise Insanity

By Rev. Russell V. Jensen
700 Dallas Avenue, Selma, Alabama

Who made him the product of futility and despair, a stuttering bum who grieves not and thinks not,
But only desperately clutches for the liquor which has made him a ruin?

Who caused him to stagger and stammer and leer, doomed in the jaws of a deadly dope?

Who made him a drunken lunatic? Who blasted out the beauty of that God-given brain?

Who fustilled the fears and compressed deep seated futility in the heart of that child?

Who is to blame for the sunken eyes of that mother brimmed full of bitterness?

Who is accountable when the teenager takes a gun and blasts the beast who is beating his mom?

When will we conclude this farce of profit from erosion? This babble of gain from Hell-bound debauchees?

Is it the right method we practice? Is our way a credit to freedom or enslavement?

Millions pour in from our colossal liquor corporations but have we counted the cost of the coffers tainted dollars?

With ten dollars gain we have a wobbling man whose faculties are crazed and decency gone!

For twenty dollars we have gained a bombastic brute mingling curses with indistinguishable babble;

One thousand dollars and the foundations of homes have rotted away!

On the auction block of enslavement there are four million for whom we have dug gutters!

And while they wallow in the vomit of their degradation we glibly boast about the billions in our treasuries!

And we so quickly forget the hot rod rammed down a babies throat by a whisky beserk dad,

Yet this is multiplied millions of times! And we choose not to see that tender lad as tears trickle from his heart!

These tragedies are hidden in the shadows of our tremendous whisky scheme boiling from blind mentalities;

And we cry out for the rehabilitation of wrecks whom we have made by the legalization of booze in beautiful bottles!

O, my God! Is this intelligence or stupidity? May Wisdom return to her throne, and Reason rise again from the ruin of liquored looseness;

Let us stop this stampede of heartrending waste for the dung of dirty dollars!

Stop! on God's Orders

Have you ever thought how true it is that life is a series of stops and starts. It has in it many new beginnings, many pauses, many

the Tri-City Baptist Tabernacle, Newport News, Virginia. Thirteen people rededicated their lives to Christ. Three of this number joined the church. The Lord blessed despite opposition from Hurricane "Flossy."

EVANGELIST DEL FEHSENFELD had, in October, revival services with the Prairieburg Baptist Church, Prairieburg, Iowa. Brother Carl Denning is the pastor and he writes with great enthusiasm about Brother Fehsenfeld. He says: "I heard Del at the Conservative Baptist Spring Rally in Des Moines. I was deeply

(Continued on page 8)

crecendoes. When we think of music we know that the stops are as important as are the other parts. And in life's music we come to find that there are stops, or pauses, which are necessary in the school of life.

You and I sometimes go along for a while and for many reasons feel unable to pause of our own accord, perhaps we have not always the courage to do an unusual thing, but in our Heavenly Father's wisdom He orders the stops, and to our temporary humiliation, embarrassment, hurt and disillusionment or discouragement or amazement, we find ourselves suddenly in the midst of some experience when the usual pleasant harmony about us is CUT OFF. We have a STOP signal against us! And oftentimes this means we

must begin again. The channel of our life is changed. It is not always that we see the divine purpose in many strange changes that take place, or in the cutting away from us of harmony and rhythm and pleasantness. We may be "astounded" in a strange silence and pause, but if we are true to our Lord whatever our circumstance, afterwards we will see that a deeper note has been struck in the music of our lives, we are brought into harmony with other instruments and we are enabled to make life's music in chorus, much better than we were before.

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Never Alone

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Heb. 13:5

I'm never alone in the morning,
As I rise at the break of day,
As Jesus who watched through the darkness
Says, "Lo, I am with you alway."

I'm never alone at my table,
Though loved ones no longer I see;
For dearer than all who have vanished,
Is Jesus who breaks bread with me.

I'm never alone through the daylight,
Though nothing but trials I see;
Though the furnace be seven times heated,
The "form of the fourth" walks with me.

I'm never alone at the twilight
When darkness around me doth creep;
And spectres press hard round my pillow,
He watches and cares while I sleep.

I'm walking and talking with Jesus,
Each day as I journey along;
I'm never alone, Hallelujah!
The joy of the Lord is my song.

—Author Unknown.

The Bible on Liquor and . . .

(Continued from page 1)

would a poisonous adder. Look not upon the wine when it is red! That is the reason why, ladies and gentlemen, I have not touched a drop of beer, wine, or whiskey since I was a teen-age boy in my father's saw mill camps down on the old boggy river in Oklahoma. Mrs. Morris and I have been married thirty-three years. There has never been a drop of beer, wine, or whiskey in my home. Sam, Jr. is twenty-six years of age and he does not know the taste of beer, wine, or whiskey. I believe in total abstinence 100 per cent like the good women of the W.C.T.U. teach across this country and have all down through the years and who have never dipped their colors nor turned their back in this battle on the question of total abstinence.

Now the Bible on the positive side magnifies, admonishes and exalts total abstinence.

II. On the Negative Side, the Bible Pronounces the Direst of Woes on the Users of Strong Drink

Listen to your Bible! "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise" (Prov. 21:1).

Listen to your Bible! "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink . . ." (Hab. 2:15).

Listen to your Bible! "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!" (Isa. 5:11).

Listen to your Bible! "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink: Which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!" (Isa. 5:22, 23).

Listen to your Bible! "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?" (Prov. 23:29).

The answer is: "They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine" (Prov. 23:30). Then the admonition I gave you a while ago: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red . . ." (Prov. 23:31).

Listen to your Bible! " . . . It is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink: Lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted" (Prov. 31:4, 5).

You see, the Bible was not written in a democratic country. It was not ruled over in a democratic way. It was ruled over by kings and princes. And when the writer wrote, " . . . It is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink"? If he were writing in America he would say, "It is not for presidents to drink wine; nor senators strong drink: Lest they drink, and forget the law."

For example, a little fellow who stayed in the White House a good while returned to Independence, Missouri. Walking down the street of his home town, he walked into a chili joint, ordered a bowl of chili and a bottle of beer. Well, it so happened that the chili joint did not have a license and could not legally sell beer to anybody, but they went out and got the beer and bootlegged it in to the President of the United States. Sitting there in the chili joint, he ate his chili, drank beer bootlegged to him. Photographers took the picture and put it on the front pages of all the big magazines that the President of the United States was drinking beer in violation of the laws of the town in which he lived!

" . . . It is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink: Lest they drink, and forget the law . . ." (Prov. 31:4, 5).

III. The Bible, by Historical Example After Historical Example, Vividly Portrays the Sin, the Shame, the Grief, and the Death Associated With the Use of Strong Drink

First sin following the flood—what was it? Noah got drunk and lay naked before his family. The

boys walked backward with shamed face, covered up their drunken, naked daddy. He got up and put a curse on his youngest son. That is what drinking brought to the family of Noah immediately after the flood. Read your Bible.

Lot's two single daughters made their father drunk. While he was so drunk that he did not know what he was doing, they lay down with him in adultery and got up to bear children of their own drunken father. From that day to this strong drink has caused more girls to go wrong and become unmarried mothers than any other one thing that ever caused a girl to go wrong and become an unmarried mother. You know it, I know it, every beer-joint owner knows it, every distillery operator knows it, every advertiser of liquor knows it, every liquor drinker knows it, and every liquor seller knows that I am telling the truth. Read your Bible!

David crossed the threshold of another man's home and robbed it of its purity. Then he called the husband from the army on a furlough and made him drunk. Why did he make him drunk? David knew what every man with a thimble-full of brains between his ears knows: you fill a fellow full of liquor and he wants a woman. You fill a woman full of liquor and she wants a man. David had a sweet scheme all his own. He said, "I will make this fellow drunk and he will go home and cover up my sin and he will never be wise that I was down at his house while he was away is the army."

But you know, my friends, God has a way of pulling the cover off folks when He gets ready to do it. God has a way of breaking in the finest schemes that men can lay to cover up their sins. God caused Uriah not to go home. Then David wrote a letter and sent him back to the army and had him killed, then married the woman. Just as in that ancient Bible story, strong drink is linked with the breaking of the marriage vow, with the wrecking of the home, with the murder of a man. Down to this hour, strong drink has caused more men and women to break their marriage vows, be immoral with others, and get into careless scrapes than any other one thing that ever caused a man or woman to do it. You know it, and I know it.

David had a young son, handsome young Absalom, who wanted to kill his half-brother, Amnon. He first made him drunk. Then when he was off guard, he stuck him through with a sword. From that day till this, strong drink has caused more family killings and played its part in the killing of brother by brother, wife by husband, son by father, than any other one thing that ever played a part in a family killing.

Nabal, a descendant of grand old Caleb (you remember, grand old Caleb didn't want to turn back at Kadesh-barnea), died in a drunken debauch with snakes in his boots—a disgrace to his father and family name.

Ahasuerus dethroned good queen Vashti. Why? Because she would not put on a strip tease or floor show at his drunken party.

Belshazzar with a thousand of his lords, their wives and concubines, drank wine and praised the gods of gold and silver. That night a hand wrote on the wall, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting" (Dan. 5:27).

John the Baptist got his head cut off at a drunken birthday dance.

The church in Corinth was humiliated and embarrassed by some of its members' coming to observe the Lord's supper when they were so drunk they did not know what they were doing.

May I repeat, the Bible, by historical example after historical example, vividly portrays the sin, shame, the disgrace, the death that always associates with the use of strong drink.

Yet every once in a while somebody says, "Well, I think a preacher ought to preach the Bible and stay off the liquor question. That is politics."

We have set out to show from

the Bible that the Bible magnifies total abstinence; the Bible pronounces woes upon the users of strong drink; the Bible, by historical example after historical example, portrays the death, disgrace, and ruin associated with strong drink.

Somebody says, "But, Brother Sam, doesn't the Bible say, 'Take a little wine for your stomach's sake'?"

Well, why don't you quote all of it? "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities" (1 Tim. 5:23). Is there a difference in the use of a product for medical purposes and the use of a product for beverage purposes? A difference as wide as the oceans, my friend! We have hospitals scattered all over this country. I have been in one or two. They will take a hypodermic needle under stress of great pain as a medical emergency, and they will shoot a habit-forming narcotic drug into your body to relieve pain or to take care of a medical emergency. But that does not mean that they are in favor of licensing an old quack doctor to stand down in a darkened doorway with a hypodermic needle and a pocketful of dope, and give a shot to every old dope head that comes along with the price in his pocket who wants a shot, and then taxing it in order to get money to build schools and pay old-age pensions. No, brother, it is a medical situation; and if you could show that Paul was talking about intoxicating wine, you would have to limit that Scripture to medical purposes alone.

But doesn't the Bible say that Jesus turned the water into wine? The Greek says He turned it into *oinos*. Your English Bible uses the word *wine*, but in the Greek a word has more than one meaning, just like it has more than one meaning in the English. I say that I drank some citrus juice for breakfast. Do you know what I drank? You think you do, but you don't. It could have been grapefruit juice. It could have been lime juice. It could have been lemon juice. It could have been several juices, because citrus is a generic term that covers all of them. Now if you are a student of the Greek, you know what I am talking about. If you are not, you ask some Greek student. The word *oinos* was a generic term used both in classical Greek and in New Testament Greek to speak either of fermented and intoxicating wine or non-fermented fruit juices or sirups.

If you take the position, because the English translator translated it *wine*, that it was intoxicating wine, then I want to show you where you are. Let me ask you a question. Did Jesus ever contradict the Old Testament? What is your answer to that? How many of you say no? No, Jesus never contradicted the Old Testament. He said, "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill . . . one jot or one tittle shall in so wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled" (Matt. 5:17, 18).

All right. Over here again I read, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise" (Prov. 20:1). If you say that Jesus turned water into intoxicating wine, then you have Christ contradicting the warning against wine.

Over in the Old Testament I read, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink . . ." (Hab. 2:15). If you say that Jesus made water into intoxicating wine, you have Christ pulling the curse of God down on His own head.

Over here in the Old Testament I read, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red . . ." (Prov. 23:31). If you have Jesus turning water into intoxicating wine, you have Him contradicting, refuting, and nullifying the Old Testament warning and the Old Testament admonition, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red . . ." And because the Greek word *oinos* did not necessarily mean intoxicating wine, I say, "No, sir! Jesus Christ did not turn the water into intoxicating wine."

IV. The Bible Classifies the Drunkard in the Same Class With the Adulterer, With the Thief, With the Murderer, With the Extortioner, With the Covetous Person, With the Idol Worshipper

There is a certain sentimental

Teetotalers Form Car Risk Firm

(From Oklahoma City Times, Nov. 13, 1956)



Rev. Sam Morris (L) founder of new company writing car insurance exclusively for total abstainers in the United States receives license from Joe Hunt (R), Oklahoma Insurance Commissioner, for the Abstainers National Insurance Company.

Rev. Sam Morris, Texas temperance evangelist, who lost his dry hold on one insurance company, Tuesday formed a new automobile insurance company here to be operated by and for non-drinkers.

The new firm, Abstainers National Insurance Co., was domesticated with Commissioner Joe B. Hunt and will have home offices at 714 W. Grant. Mr. Morris, who appeared at Hunt's office, announced.

Morris and others organized a similar company several years ago, and sold policies only to persons who swore they did not and would not drink.

theory being peddled around over this country today. People get up and talk about the alcoholic. I hope you will not use that term. That was invented by Yale University to get away from the term *drunkard*. After the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment everything was done to soften up and tone down all this bemoaning of the liquor business. So they invented the word *alcoholic*, or coined it, to mean the drunkard.

You know, when I was a kid growing up in saw mill camps, you never heard of an alcoholic. A fellow was just an old drunk! Now you never hear of a drunk. "He is an alcoholic." "She is an alcoholic." And sometimes a drunk will go around with his chest out and say, "I'm an alcoholic." Well, an alcoholic is just a habitual drunkard, that's all.

People go around and say, "You know, the alcoholic is not a sinner. He is a sick person. He has a disease and you should not criticize him. You should not condemn him. You shouldn't put him in jail. Oh, no! You should build clinics and hospitals and hospitalize them. The alcoholic is not a sinner. He is a sick person." But I want to say, my friends, that he is a sinner. And he is a sinner for being a drunkard.

Do you have your Bible? Open it at I Corinthians 5:11. Is it a sin to be an alcoholic or a drunkard? Well, any Bible student who really believes the Bible will go along with us. But let's get a Scripture on it. "But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator . . ."

Look what he classifies drunkenness with, look at the category he puts it in. A lot of people go around and say, "Well, she got tight last night." "Well, he got a little high the other night," and they laugh and make fun of it and joke about it. Would you laugh if they committed adultery? Well, you are laughing about a sin that is just as black as adultery in God's sight. Would you laugh and make light of the fact that somebody murdered somebody else? Well, brother, the man who gets drunk commits a sin as black in God's sight and is classified right along with the man who commits murder. So let's take this matter seriously instead of lightly.

"But now I have written unto you not to keep company, if any

His original company had home offices in Iowa, and Morris lost control, then fell into a hot feud with controlling interests when drinkers were hired for the home office staff. He staged a sit-down strike in the Iowa insurance commissioner's office once.

Morris said the new company will begin business with \$100,000 capital and insure automobiles for non-drinking owners throughout the nation.

The articles of incorporation for the new company provide that: "All shareholders, bondholders, directors, officers, agents, employees and policy-holders shall be total abstainers from the use of beverage alcohol."

The by-laws reinforce this provision by providing that the corporation may repurchase shares of stock from any person "who shall be proved not to be a total abstainer."

Principal organizers are the San Antonio, Texas, temperance evangelist and Tom Foster, Oklahoma City, who once was state agent for Morris' first company.

The board of directors is made up of Mr. Morris; Foster; Sam Morris, Jr., Oklahoma City; Bill Hodges, Oklahoma City; Blake S. Faulkner, Blackwell; Ray V. Henderson, Coyle; Dr. E. J. Daniels, Orlando, Fla.; Max Smoker, New Paris, Ind., and Leon Fundaburk, Anniston, Ala.

Officers are Mr. Morris, president; Foster, executive manager; Henderson, secretary, and Sam Morris, Jr., treasurer.

man that is called a brother be a fornicator or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one no not to eat."

Then turn just across the page if you are using a Scofield Bible and read in I Corinthians 6:9, "Know ye not that the unrighteous . . ." (It does not say *unrighteousness*; . . . it says the *unrighteous*. Did you notice the difference? One is a principle and one is a person.) "Know ye not that the unrighteous (He is talking about a person) shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Now turn to Galatians 5:19. "Now the works of the flesh are . . ."

(Continued on page 6)

"We are so quick to say . . . 'Let's pray about it,' when instead there is footwork to do, things to straighten out, wrongs that must be righted, sins that must be confessed and forgiveness asked from God or from our fellow-Christians."

—The Alliance Weekly.

The Bible on Liquor and . . .

(Continued from page 5)

manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, variance, emulations, wrath, hatred, strife, seditions, heresies, Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Here in these Scriptures God puts the thief, the murderer, the adulterer, the idol worshipper, the extortioner, the drunkard all in one bundle, ties them up, pitches them out the window, and throws them to Hell. And so the kingdom of Heaven is shut to them. There never was a beer joint that did not turn out drunkards. There never was a night club that did not turn out drunkards. There never was a liquor store that did not turn out drunkards.

Ladies and gentlemen, that is why every preacher ought to be against the liquor business. That is why every evangelistic singer ought to be against the liquor business. That is why every Sunday School teacher ought to be against the liquor business. That is why every God-fearing person in America ought to hate the liquor business—because the liquor business fosters drunkenness and drunkenness sends men to Hell. Christian people ought to live for God and try to get people to Heaven, and not to Hell.

Somebody says, "Well, Brother Sam, do you mean to say that it is just as black a sin to get drunk as it is to murder? Just as black a sin to get drunk as it is to commit adultery? As black a sin to get drunk as . . ." Brother, it does not make a speck of difference in the world what I say about it. What I say does not have any more to do with it than what you say. It is not a question of what I say, or you say. What does the Bible say? That is the question. And the Bible has spoken and said

that whenever a man gets drunk he is headed for Hell the same as a man who commits adultery is headed for Hell, or the man who murders, or the man who steals, or the man who bows down to an idol.

You say, "Well, Mr. Morris, that is an awfully dark picture."

I will agree with you. It is a dark picture. And if I had to stop at this point, I would want to throw the Bible into the ash can and walk away and never preach again as long as I live. But, praise God, I don't have to stop at that point. I am coming to conclude my afternoon message today with another thought.

V. What Is the Individual, Personal Answer for the Drunkard?

I am not talking about the traffic. I am not talking about society. I am not talking about government. I am not talking about the public. I am talking about the individual drunkard one by one, and I am so glad the Bible has put the answer for the drunkard.

Now I will close with I Corinthians 6, the chapter we read from a moment ago. Paul here says, "Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God" (I Cor. 6:9, 10). Now look at verse 11. "And such were some of you . . ."

That old church at Corinth had some folks in it who had been drunkards, and some who had been whoremongers, and some who had been fornicators, and some who had been thieves, and some who had been murderers. That is what it says: "And such were some of you . . ." Past tense! But now! Oh, boy, what a difference! You know, it is not a question of what you were last week or last year or year before last or ten years ago. The question is, "Brother, what are you now?" "Such were

some of you . . ." But now four things: "... ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God" (I Cor. 6:11). That gives the answer to the liquor question for the individual drunkard. The drunkard's hope is not in powder and pills to be put in his coffee when he is not looking. It is not in sending him off to some institution nor in putting him in hot water and boiling him out for a spell every twenty-four hours. It is not in turning over a new leaf on the first day of January so he can break it on the second day. It is not in making up his mind to do better. Ladies and gentlemen, the one hope of the drunkard is found right here. It is first a washing by the power of God through the blood of Jesus Christ. "... and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanse us from all sin" (I John 1:7). First, "... ye are washed . . ." Second, "... ye are sanctified . . ." —made precious. So the drunkard, when he accepts Christ, has his sins washed away. He is dedicated and made new and precious to the Lord, then he is justified! That is a legal term. The old account is settled. The sins are all gone. God turns His back on them, buries them in the depths of the sea, forgets them, remembers them no more! "... But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus . . ." Not in the name of any secret society, not in the name, my friend, of any friend here on earth, but in the name of the Lord Jesus. "... For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

What is the agent that brings it about? "... By the Spirit of our God." Regenerated! Born again! Made a new creature in Christ Jesus! Given new power and new glory and new strength, new purpose, new motives, and saved and regenerated by the Spirit of Almighty God. That is the hope of the drunkard!

The Bible has the complete answer on the liquor question if you will listen to what the Bible has to say about it.

—THE END—

A Christmas Debt

(Continued from page 1)

noon, on his way to London. She took him over the Home, talking of the children in a way which showed that she loved them.

Last of all they came to the play-room, and fifty pairs of wondering little eyes were turned upon them as they entered.

"I have a few toys," the gentleman said; "have I your permission to distribute them?" Permission being given he brought a bag from the hall and produced a stock of lovely balls and trains, toy horses, dolls and games—and there was one for every child! How they shouted with joy and forgot their shyness as they danced round this unexpected Father Christmas! Then, sitting down, with the little ones around him, he spoke a few words reminding them of the Babe of Bethlehem and the gift of God's Son to the world on that first Christmas morning. It was all so simple and earnest that the children listened spell-bound. Then the matron had a happy inspiration. "Would one of you sing this gentleman a carol?" she said.

There was a pause. Then a very little boy, with sweet blue eyes and fair curls, trotted forward.

"I will, matron," he said; and he sang a quaint little carol that spoke of the Christ-child Who had no pillow on which to lay His head. It was sweet and appealing, and the matron saw tears in the eyes of the stranger as he turned away, the children's thanks ringing in his ears.

"I have one more request to make," he said. "May I see the little boys' dormitory; it was the girls' you showed me."

Wondering, she took him up to the small room, where twenty-five little beds were placed.

"Who sleeps here?" the stranger asked, and her heart jumped, for he had pointed to the cot where the newest orphan slept.

"The little boy who sang the carol," she said simply. "He's very lonely and unwanted, and we had to take him, although we were really full."

The gentleman took out his cheque book, filled in a cheque and handed it to her; it was for so large an amount that, when she saw it she knew that it would provide for the little boy for years to come!

"Will you let me give this as my Christmas gift?" he said; and beyond grateful thanks, there was something in his manner that prevented the matron saying more. He picked up his empty bag, and at the front door shook hands with her, but just as he was stepping out, he suddenly turned back.

"You see, I was a friendless, homeless, unwanted boy thirty years ago, and that was my cot," he said; "so I felt I'd like to give another boy a chance, such as, thank God, you gave me!"

—Forward

Jungle Doctor

(Continued from page 3)

scope, Bwana, I heard his relatives discussing how they would divide up his cows when he died. They feel certain that he cannot possibly recover."

"Whatever you do, Daudi, don't let them come into the ward until I say the word."

I turned to the dressers. "Everyone must wear his mask all the time that he is in the ward. I don't want any of you to get this disease."

I gave a further injection that night. Next morning I was amazed to see the man lying in bed, conscious, and dealing effectively with a large plate of native porridge. Daudi was jubilant!

"Will not his relatives get a shock when they see him? They are waiting in the village till he dies. Then they will howl with their voices, but in their hearts they will be thinking of his cows . . ."

A rather truculent Mugogo, with mud in his hair, and with a long, razor-sharp spear, came up to us.

"Bwana, we demand to see our relative. We know he is dying, and we want to be round his bedside when he dies."

Daudi trod gently on my toe.

"The Bwana says you may come to the ward, but you must all wear bandages round your faces, and be sprayed with germ-killer."

Four men and an evil-looking old woman all lined up to be sprayed with an insecticide gun, and have bits of bandage tied none too gently over their noses and mouths.

"Oh, our poor relative," said one man.

"Yaya gwe," groaned the others.

"Come and have a look at him," said Daudi, "and don't make a noise."

"Kah," said the leader, as he walked behind the screen, and saw his relation with a handful of porridge halfway to his mouth.

They stood dumbfounded.

"Yah! He is better! Yah!"

"Mbukwa," said the man, when the porridge would allow him.

His relatives could not even greet him, so great was their astonishment! We hurried them outside again.

"Huh," said Daudi. "And what about his cows now? Two for you, and three for me!"

"Stop," said a relative. "Do not say those words! Did we not sin greatly? But how were we to know that he would recover? It's never happened before."

"If you're sorry, go and tell others that we indeed can cure the

disease of death. Get them to come in early so that they, too, can live. Tell what has happened to your own relative."

Day and night people came in. The staff worked like Trojans. Mika, the clergyman, seemed always at the hospital. He would take group after group into his little office, and earnestly draw the parallel between a saved life and a saved soul. He told them of his Master, of Calvary, of the Resurrection, and of a living, personal Saviour. I have never seen a better illustration of medical work being the spearhead for the preaching of the Gospel.

The first fury of the epidemic had died down. It may have been that the staff was becoming a trifle careless, for I had insisted on the most careful precautions being taken by nurses and dressers, to avoid infection. Fewer and fewer cases came to the hospital, and I felt that the staff, at any rate, had avoided it, but imagine my horror when one day a senior nurse fainted on duty, and showed early signs of the disease. She was put to bed at once, the usual minor operation was performed, and the fluid drawn off from her spine. I held the test-tube up to the light and it showed that sinister milkiness that indicated meningitis. Daudi took a couple of drops and smeared them on a glass slide and stained them, and there were those tell-tale germs that looked like two minute french beans, facing one another—the meningococcus—extremely minute, but more death-dealing than all the lions, crocodiles, leopards and poisonous snakes of East Africa.

I had sent Samson to prepare a strong injection of M. & B. He came back to me, with distress written on every feature.

"There are only four pills left in the tin, Bwana!"

"Oh, that'll be all right. The mail comes in today, and I'm expecting some more."

The mail came in. It consisted of three letters. All told me the same story. No more pills were available in Kenya, Uganda or Tanganyika. East African stocks were finished. I called the staff together, and told them the situation.

"Unless we have these pills by noon tomorrow, Blandina will die."

"Bwana, did you shake out the mailbag?" asked old Sechelela.

"I turned it inside out, Mother," I replied.

"Then there's no way out," she

(Continued on page 7)

"WHEN DOES THE NEXT SEMESTER BEGIN?"

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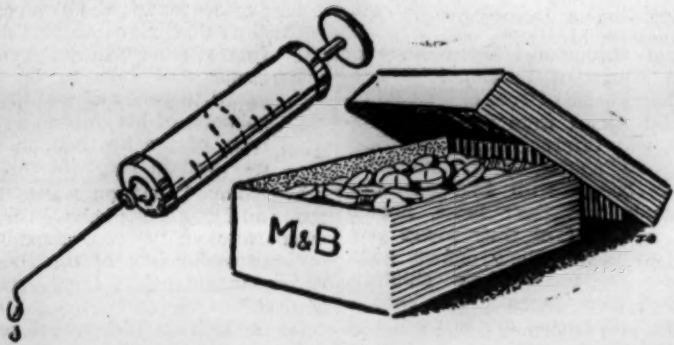
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Jungle Doctor

(Continued from page 6)



said. "Let us pray. This situation is beyond us. Only God can deal with it."

For a quarter of an hour we knelt, one after the other praying simply, and to the point. They certainly believed that God would answer, but somehow my own faith wavered. We would get no more mail for four days. There was no sign of the package which would mean so much to us. It was the wet season. No cars would get through to us over that morass of wet mud. How could we get pills?

I walked home through the dusk, my mind in a turmoil. I ate my dinner, and sat idly turning the pages of an out-of-date newspaper. Timoteyo came in.

"A special messenger brought a parcel for you, Bwana." I was expecting a new inner-tube.

"Just put it on the table," I replied, without looking up.

"Roger hasn't come back yet, Bwana. It's five days since he went away."

"Oh, I expect he's having difficulty with his relatives. They won't part up with their cows."

"Hodi," came an urgent voice at the door. "Bwana, Blandina is delirious."

I hurried to the ward, and was dismayed to find that her condition become worse. I gave her an injection of all the remaining tablets, and felt unspeakably miserable as I walked back to the house. Blandina had been little short of heroic at times. I remembered once how she had spent twenty-four hours without rest, looking after a small child with tick-fever. She was not officially on duty, but she felt that only she, with her experience, could steer the child safely through the crisis of the disease. My mind flew to a time when she had run, for six months, the branch hospital ten miles away in the jungle. The witch doctor had cast spells on the place—spells that, to a non-Christian, would mean death, but Blandina trusted in God and carried on. They had sent armed men, who had beaten on the door at night, and howled to scare the patients. Blandina threw hot water on them! And now, here she was, dying, and we had not enough of the only drug which readily could have saved her. I took up the paper again and despondently finished the article. Then I decided

to look at my parcel, hoping that this time they had sent the right sized tube. I unwrapped it, and sprang to my feet in excitement. It was a tin of 500 M. & B. pills, and a note from the Government Doctor, forty miles away:

Dear Doctor,

We have been sent a double issue of these, and thought perhaps you could find some use for 500.

Could I! I packed the tin under my arm and went for the hospital at the double. They were all sitting round a fire. I was too puffed to speak. They saw the familiar tin.

"Kah," said Daudi, "they've come! I knew God would answer. Now we can save Blandina."

In the firelight we knelt and thanked God.

Samson hurried off to light his primus and prepare the pills and syringe. I went again to the ward. Lying there with her head drawn back was Blandina, raving in delirium, and moaning. Rapidly I gave her another injection.

I saw the other cases, and left instructions. Daudi walked back with me through the shadowy baobabs.

"I knew God would do it, Bwana. If we trust Him, and follow His plans, and obey His will, what else can He do? Is He not our Father?"

"Yes, Daudi, there is no other life worth living, but what many people forget is that we must live our lives at God's terms."

"That's so. Good night, Bwana."

We gripped hands.

As I knelt before turning in I thanked God that before we called He had answered. I apologized for my doubts, and somehow I felt my faith was greater.

Next morning, Blandina was definitely easier.

Daudi came to me:

"It's great to see her so much better, Bwana. But have you heard anything of Roger?"

"Not yet, Daudi, I expect he's just cow-hunting."

"He said he'd be back on Friday, Bwana, and it's not like him to be three days late."

Nora came up.

"Bwana, has Roger returned?"

"Not yet, Nora. The loafer! I suppose he's having a feast somewhere."

But she didn't smile. Her eyes were troubled.

"I'm worried, Bwana. I have doubts."

That evening a messenger arrived from Buigiri. Daudi had seen him from the hospital, and ran down for news. I was just hoeing my forlorn little flower-garden. The messenger handed me a letter. I tore it open, and read:

Dear Doctor,

I am writing to tell you that your Roger died of meningitis yesterday, while he was being carried into hospital. He had tried to walk in to us, but collapsed on the way, and when his relatives had finished hagglng with the porters over the sum to be paid for his transport, it was too late. . . .

I handed Daudi the letter. The sun had gone behind the hill, and it was rapidly growing dark. I saw a figure hurrying down between the church and the village school. It was Nora. Daudi saw her, too.

"Let me tell her, Bwana."

But she needed no telling. She looked at us with anguish in her eyes.

"We will see him again, but

Be Born Again in Christ

(Continued from page 1)

each night this week, the 135,000,000 Americans would spurn places of sin, avoid temptations, shun carnal amusement, set aside all distractions and alone, in the presence of their God, devote their thoughts to their soul and its salvation in Christ? If for a single week America would thus spend its evenings with the Saviour, then without cost, organization, or publicity our country could be blessed by a real revival of religion and a spread of the true, saving faith, far wider than we have seen before.

In sorry truth, however, our Lord loses many of America's darkened hours while Satan secures them. Even on Sunday night, at the close of the Lord's Day, when every true believer should welcome a second opportunity to praise his Lord, an increasing number of churches remain closed, dark, empty. Make up for this serious loss, you who would serve the Saviour, by worshipping Jesus at the close of each day with your whole family in your own home! Blessings beyond number can come even to unbelievers and scoffers, through one night spent with Jesus.

Listen to Alexander Hamilton's own account of a single evening which helped change his whole life! The first Secretary of our Treasury writes:

"In company with some friends I had indulged in remarks much to the disadvantage of Christians and the disparagement of their religion. . . . Coming home, I stood, late at night, on the doorsteps, waiting for my servant. In this moment of stillness, my thoughts returned to what had just passed at my friend's and on what I had said there. These questions did not allow me to sleep quietly. In the morning I sent to my friends, the clergy, for books treating on the evidence of Christianity. I read them; and the result is, I believe the religion of Christians to be the truth; that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; that He made an atonement for our sins by His death; and that He rose for our justification."

With the same willingness to learn, follow Nicodemus tonight in his evening visit to Christ! Spend the last hours of this Sunday with your Saviour, and you too can experience the unspeakable joy of being with Jesus.

perience the unspeakable joy of being with Jesus.

Nora was too stunned to reply. She stood quietly for a moment, and then slowly, with head bowed, walked off into the gloom.

I put my hand on Daudi's shoulder. I had no words to fit the situation. In a husky voice, he said: "That's Africa, Bwana. Our Africa."



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—THE END—

"All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags"; but this mission of the air has no applause meter; it is maintained to help win souls for the Saviour.

Woe to me if I soft-pedal or sugar-coat the warning of the unbreakable Word and refuse to tell you that in Heaven's sight mankind without Christ and therefore proud, selfish, lustful, hate-filled, false, avaricious, envious, is unsparingly condemned.

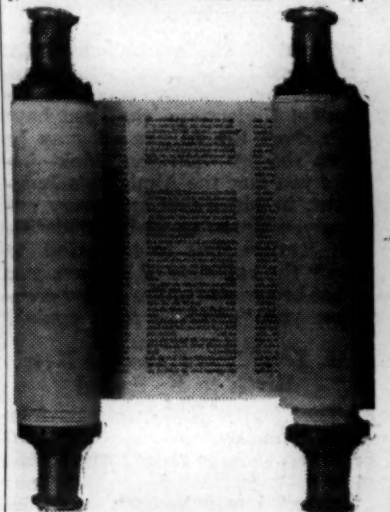
What would you think of the doctor who, too blind or ignorant to recognize that his patient suffers from polio-myelitis or tuberculosis, would slap the sick person on the shoulder and say: "Get up! There's nothing the matter with you. You are in fine shape"? You would certainly call it criminal to permit that man to continue his practice. Yet how indescribably worse when preachers, moved by public applause or the desire for popularity, steadfastly refuse to declare that all men by nature are "dead in trespasses and sin"!

Because the invalid who denies that he is ill can never be brought to seek and find healing, I ask, not the world, not America, not your neighbor, but you yourself, you personally, you especially: "Do you know that without faith in the Saviour of your soul, despite bank account, college de-

(Continued on page 8)

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Be Born Again in Christ

(Continued from page 7)

grees, business prominence, despite name and fame, influence and affluence, you are, as Jesus says in our Scripture, *'flesh,'* opposed to God and under His condemnation?"

True, many will contradict every syllable I have spoken. The other day a New York newspaper prominently displayed Ruskin's praise of man's goodness. The British writer sweepingly insisted:

"Human nature is a noble and beautiful thing; not a foul or base thing. All the sins of men I esteem as their disease, not their nature; as a folly which may be prevented. . . . Human nature . . . I find . . . always a higher thing than I thought it."

Ruskin was radically wrong; he wrote in the peace and prosperity of the Victorian age. The same newspaper which printed his glittering folly featured bloody accounts of the atomic destruction which wiped out ten thousands of civilians, revolting stories of Nazi atrocity camps, shocking records of Japanese prison persecutions, sickening evidence of bloody crime on the increase in our own country. Human nature "noble and beautiful"? History, even as written in this "enlightened" age, proves that it is deceitful, destructive, depraved.

You have the evidence of this tragic truth in yourself. If Saint Paul, self-sacrificing hero of the faith, taking careful inventory of himself, cried out, *"I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing,"* dare we, even for a moment, question our own utter sinfulness? Don't sidestep this fatal fact of inborn and acquired human evil! Don't question or qualify it! As you behold the stainless holiness of your Lord, admit, by contrast, complete iniquity! Understand that you have one short life to live—it may be even shorter than you think—before you face the Almighty's Judgment, in which you and every unforgiven sinner must be condemned! Realize that to face God, to enjoy the radiance of Heaven, you must become an entirely new creature, you *"must be born again!"*

II. You Must Have the New Birth to Be Saved

That is the lesson our Saviour repeatedly stresses in this third chapter of Saint John, when with triple emphasis He proclaims: *"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God";* then, in the words of our text, *"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God";* and once more, in summary, *"Ye must be born again!"* If all this does not sufficiently impress you, I remind you that four times in nine verses of this section, Jesus stresses the truth of His utterance when He declares, *"I say unto you,"* that is, *"I,"* the Son of God, in unfailing, unbreakable, unending assurance, *"say unto you."*

Even this does not exhaust the importance our Lord lays on the new birth, for three times in eight verses He uses, not only the strengthening word *"verily,"* which has the force of an oath, but the double stress, *"verily, verily."* You see, then, with what extraordinary earnestness the Saviour teaches the necessity of this rebirth. Indeed, as I repeat His words, *"Ye must be born again!"* I put this decisive question before each of you: *"Are you born again?"*

Before you answer, keep clearly in mind that nothing less than complete rebirth will permit you to enter the Kingdom!

It is not enough that you are sincere, for millions of emperor worshipers in Japan were sincere enough, but entirely mistaken.

It is not enough that you are sorry for your sins; most suicides regret their error, when it is too late.

It is not enough that you go to church, serve as officer, sing in the choir, speak at youth meetings; thousands who have done this have continued in unbelief and will not *"enter into the kingdom of God."*

It is not enough that you pray—millions plead in the wrong man-

ner; that you do not drink or gamble—masses of pagans do not; yet they never learn the way to Heaven.

It is not enough that you give generously—all the money you can ever acquire will not pay for your title to a place in the eternal mansions; that you work tirelessly, for your labor may be lost without divine blessing.

It is not enough that you were confirmed; ten thousands in my own Church who once before the altar pledged their personal allegiance to the Saviour have fallen from faith. May God have mercy on their souls and lead them back!

It is not enough that you can quote Scripture freely and faultlessly. The devils in Hell can do this far better than you.

It is not enough that you are a preacher or a church leader. Even one of the superprivileged few who walked and talked with Jesus betrayed Him and damned his own soul.

No, my beloved; above and below, before and after, all this, Christ emphatically reminds us, *"Ye must be born again!"* Outward reform, earnest resolutions for the improvement of our life, strong religious emotions, and happy inner feelings—all these are helpful and desirable, but, first, the Saviour tells us, *"Ye must be born again!"* If in eternity you want to see your Heavenly Father, listen closely as the Son of God tells you today, *"You 'must be born again!'"*

III. You Can Have the New Birth

"How," I hope you are asking, "can I be blessed by the new birth and become a new creature?" David Livingstone tells us that an African chief named Sekomi approached him one day with the request: "I wish you would change my heart. Give me some medicine to change it, for it is proud and angry, always angry!" When Livingstone began to show him God's way of remaking the heart, the chief objected, "Nay, I want to have a change by medicine. I want to drink and have it changed at once." Today, likewise, men recognize that the human soul has to be ennobled, that the morals of mankind must be lifted if the world is not to destroy itself.

Christians gladly accept every human proposal directed to help humanity, but they know that the best laws, international agreements, financial programs, cannot touch or improve man's heart, which is the fountain from which flow all actions and ambitions; and until this source of evil is purified, there can be no guarantee of real betterment for the individual or for the race.

This means, of course, that the most popular of proposals for a new and better day, education, more enlightenment, holds no real promise. We cannot educate ourselves into international blessings, especially because the trends of modern culture are often pagan or atheistic.

I have with me a copy of a national magazine which caters to American high school and college students, offering them special rates, and their teachers free desk copies. On the page opposite its appeal for student subscriptions it features an advertisement of a book which presents the history of commercialized vice, written, as the advertisement specifically emphasises, "with humor, wit, and charm," to be read, as the publishers point out, for amusement and enjoyment. Do you wonder why, when magazines introduced into our secondary schools with official approval, openly proclaim that the story of immorality amuses and entertains, more of our American youth go wrong than ever before, according to F. B. I. statements from Washington?

An Indiana mother complains that her fourteen-year-old daughter, a sophomore in high school, came home from her first day's instruction with a textbook which on its first pages teaches that the earth came into existence several billion years ago by sheer accident, when a huge star happened to pass close to the sun. The same

book tells American teen-age students that faith means "a belief in yourself and the goodness of the universe"—a statement every infidel would heartily endorse. Now draw your own conclusions as to why we have a destructive wave of juvenile delinquency! If America's young men and women are told that God has nothing to do with the beginning of this world, how can they believe that He has anything to do with the next? While atheists are excited about released-time instruction in religion given to public school children who wish it, Christians are often unconcerned or uninformed about the deep inroads that atheism and the denial of Bible truths have made in many schools where God is systematically opposed.

No, culture, college training, research, science alone cannot make the world better nor grant anyone the necessary rebirth in righteousness. Cunning minds can invent such horrifying modes of destruction that they can wipe out masses of their fellow men, but they cannot build spiritually, raise the race morally from its ruin, nor bring a single soul from darkness to light.

The world, including our country, needs a change of heart; and today Christ tells us how our hearts can be changed. We *"must be born again,"* He says, by faith. We must come to Him, God's Son and the world's Redeemer, admitting that because of our sins we are hopeless, helpless, damned; but grasping His grace, clinging to the cross, trusting the Gospel truth that at Calvary He was crucified for us, as He there suffered the pain, penalty, guilt, curse, torture, and terror of all our transgressions, we not only receive pardon for our iniquity, but by the Holy Spirit's mighty miracle of regeneration we are also born again into a new life. Scripture's pledge is fulfilled in us: *"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."* Hear and believe this divine truth. We have the promise, *"That which is born of the Spirit is spirit."* Through this marvel of mercy, their unbelief banished, their sins removed, drunkards have become devout followers of Christ; slaves of lust, servants of God; children of wrath, children of divine love.

"Marvel not," Jesus declares, *"that I said unto you, Ye must be born again";* and we repeat: Don't argue, debate, or contradict this truth! Accept it, believe it, rely on it, even though you cannot understand it! See its proof throughout the history of the Christian missions!

The people of Toro in East Equatorial Africa were Devil worshipers, who offered human sacrifices to evil spirits. They mutilated their bodies with fire, cut long wounds into their faces, knocked teeth out of their lower jaw, all to please their demon gods. They disfigured their children, bound their parents with banana thongs when too old to work and threw them into the swamp to die. Finally the Gospel found its way into Toro, and in 1896, only fifty years ago, these former savages, reborn in Christ, held a council in which the terrifying practices of the past were disavowed and discarded. From that day the former Devil worshipers took on a different appearance. Mutilations stopped. Babies born since 1896 were called "Jesus children" because no scars disfigured their bodies.

How different, too, our world would look today if millions steeped in hatred and sin would come to the Saviour and receive this rebirth! The wounds of war, the marks of human madness in a thousand destroyed cities, the signs of horror in millions sick and starving, would disappear. Do you really want to do your part in restricting the ravages of bloodshed, in avoiding a third and terrifying world war which experts foresee? Then help spread the Gospel of peace in Jesus Christ!

For your own peace, come to Christ, *"be born again"* in Him! As you triumph over your sins, you will learn to forget yourself, turn your afflictions into advantages, and live for others.

Dr. Vanderkamp, distinguished physician, was without Christ, a restless, peace-robed skeptic; but he learned to love the Lord Jesus; and when he was born again, he gave up position, honor, income, to work among South African natives. Missionary Moffat writes of him:

"He came from a university to teach the alphabet to the poor, naked Hottentot; from the society of nobles to associate with beings of the

lowest grade of humanity; from stately mansions to the filthy hovel of the greasy African; from the study of medicine to become a guide to the Balm of Gilead and the Physician there; and, finally, from a life of earthly honor and ease to be exposed to perils of waters, of robbers, of his own countrymen, of the heathen, in the city and in the wilderness."

My beloved, do you want that peace and joy? Then believe Christ when He says, *"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."*

Don't hesitate, delay, postpone or forget your answer to this personal appeal! Why live an unnecessary moment longer in the old life of sin and sorrow, suspicion and distrust, selfishness and misery? Make this Sunday your spiritual birthday, as by faith you are born again into a new existence, with new thoughts, new hopes, new ambitions, new courage, new contentment, new calm in Christ, new assurance of Heaven's beauty, bliss, and blessing! Jesus wants you, as His own, to have these and many more heavenly treasures by rebirth. Will you refuse? Dare you? For the salvation of your soul you cannot! You *"must be born again!"* God grant that you will be! Amen!

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... the Evangelists

(Continued from page 4)

impressed with his message as well as his straight-forward delivery, and asked him if he'd be willing to come to a little country church with little assurance as to the amount of money he would get. He might get \$25, he might not. I had not been here long enough to know for sure. The folks are all farmers but one, and seemed hard pressed. He expressed a willingness to come and leave the financial end of it up to the Lord.

Then Brother Denning says that the field was difficult, but some were saved and "there were some real experiences in dedication." He says that Brother Del "did for us what a pastoral evangelist can do for a church that needs internal cleansing and revival." The pastor was surprised and pleased because the people, being so blessed, gave liberally. He says, "All in all I feel he did us a fine job for the Lord. I would recommend him highly. He is refreshing to the hearts that love the Word and can take it given straight from the shoulder."

Brother Del Fehsenfeld may be reached at 4521 Jarboe, Kansas City, Missouri.

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